

# Caedmons Call, Thankful

I ran across an old box of letters

While I was baggin up some clothes for Goodwill

You know I had to laugh that the same old struggles

That plagued me then are plaguing me still

I know the road is long from ground to glory

But a boy can hope he's getting some place

But you see, I'm running from the very clothes I'm wearing

And dressed like this I'm fit for the chase

No, there is none righteous

Not one who understands

There is none who seek God

No not one, no not one

I am thankful that I'm incapable

Of doing any good on my own

'Cause we're all stillborn and dead in our transgressions

We're shackled up to the sin we hold so dear

So what part can I play in the work of redemption

I can't refuse, I cannot add a thing

'Cause I am just like Lazarus and I can hear Your voice

I stand and rub my eyes and walk to You

Because I have no choice

I am thankful that I'm incapable

Of doing any good on my own

I'm so thankful that I'm incapable

Of doing any good on my own

It's by grace I have been saved

Through faith it's not my own  
It is the gift of God and not by works  
Lest anyone should boast